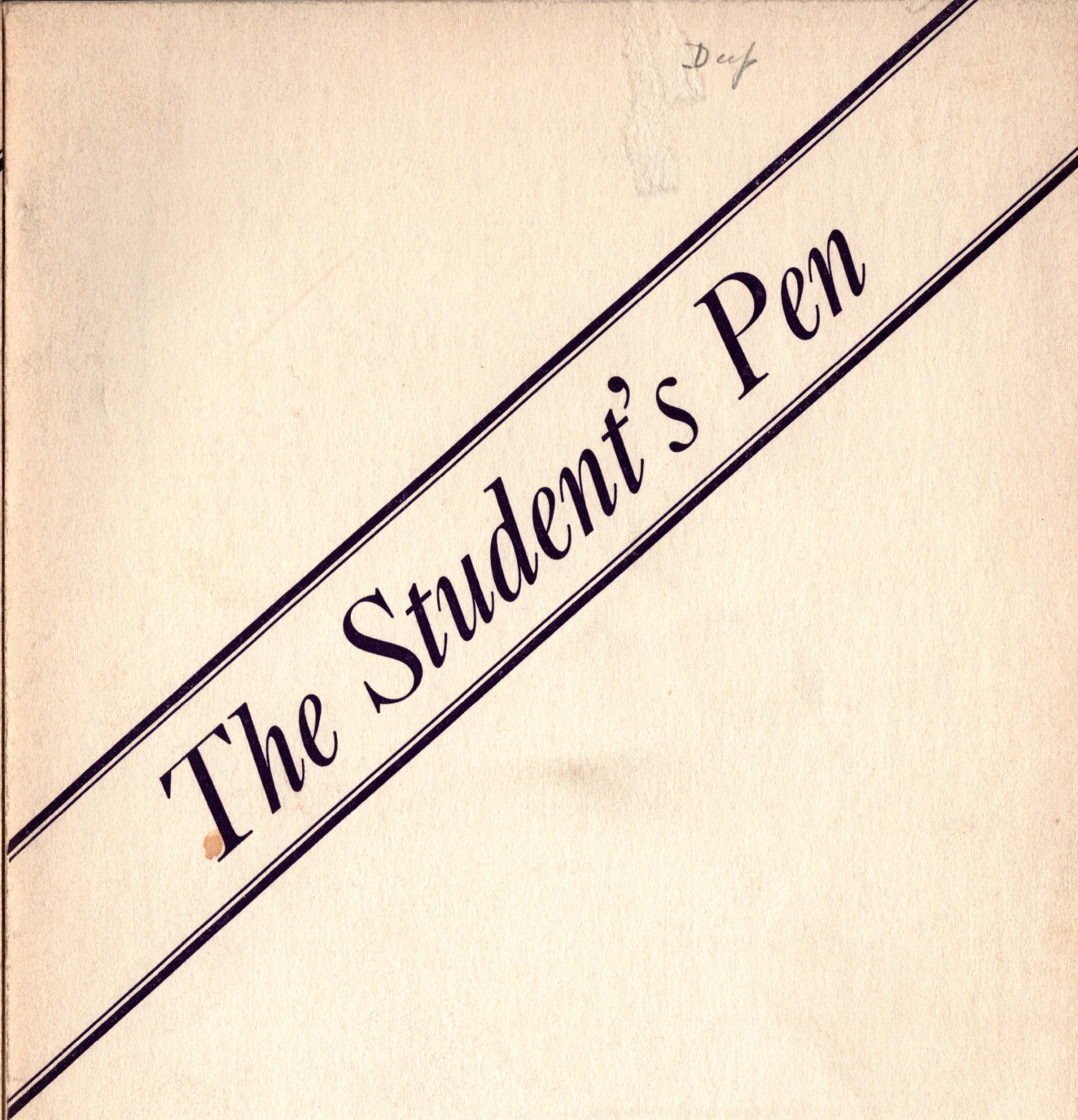


The Student's Pen

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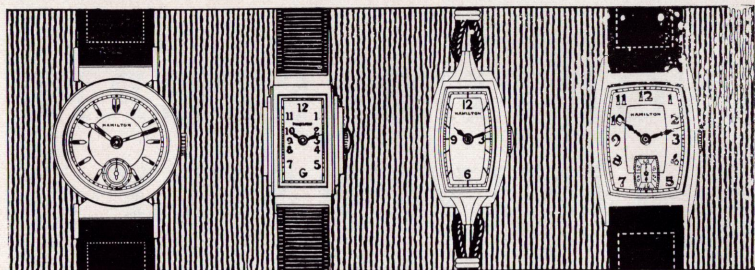
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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XXI

MAY, 1936

No. 6

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In Memoriam



Thomas F. Curtin, Jr.

1913—1936

Pittsfield High School, 1931

Yale University, 1936

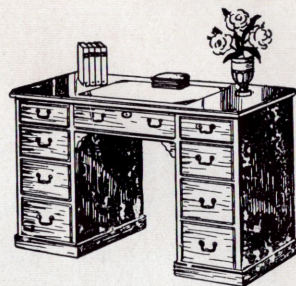
Pittsfield High School mourns the passing of a well-loved son. To think of "Tommy" Curtin is to think of all that is finest in the youth of the world: truth, courage, nobility, and honor. Many were his laurels, and modestly he wore them, a gallant gentleman sans peur et sans reproche. Proudly and clear-eyed, through all the golden hours of youth he went forward to meet Life, and when instead, Death came to summon him, Death, too, he greeted with a knightly courage.

Greatness is not to be measured by length of days. The very shortness of his life has given to him an immortality which Age but seldom attains, and the light of his radiant example flashes forth as a shining challenge to dare the generations yet to come.

"Yet—O stricken heart, remember, O remember
How of human days he lived the better part.
April came to bloom, and never chill December
Breathed its killing frost upon the head or heart.

All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,
Shame, dishonor, death, to him were but a name.
Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the Singing Season,
And ere the day of sorrow, departed as he came."

On the Editor's Desk



WANTED—COOPERATION!

By Dorothy Klein

WE, of the Editorial Staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN, have often wondered whether the students of Pittsfield High know that this, THE PEN, is their magazine. Both the financial and the literary success of any school paper depends upon the support of the students themselves. This is the important factor to remember. To sit back and let the other fellow do the work has never been the motto of P. H. S. students. They have always been known for their initiative, their eagerness and desire to make a go of everything in which they had a part. We would certainly never wish to have anyone think that these fine qualities no longer exist in our students.

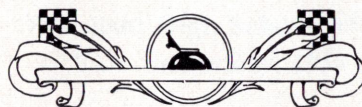
The staff on THE PEN thus far has cooperated to the utmost. But—have the students themselves been making any efforts to show what they can do? We think not. Certainly not all the literary talent has been contributing, and there must be in our school more than the few artists who have contributed.

For those who have tried once or twice and have become discouraged remember that, "If at first you don't succeed—try, try, again." And then some. History teaches us that many of the greatest people were not recognized upon their very first appearance.

Now then, why not contribute to your school paper, and make it truly representative of your talents.

The students of P. H. S. can cooperate more by supporting their paper in another way. One of the chief sources of money for THE PEN is the nickel collection. Records show that for the last nickel collection, on which the April distribution of THE PEN was based, 587 students out of 1650 paid. This means that the meagre sum of \$29.35 was contributed the week of April 15th by the students of P. H. S. to both their paper and their athletics. At least a thousand students should have paid their dues so as to warrant the support of this fund which was created for everyone's advantage, particularly the athletes'. In all fairness the athletes of the school should contribute faithfully to the nickel collection.

With these facts in mind, fellow students, strive to cooperate earnestly in the future by both contributing material and supporting THE PEN financially.



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WHAT OF YOUR NAME?

By Richard F. Lacatell

LOOK to your name. Are you ashamed of it? Certainly not. If you have any backbone or self-respect at all, you can only answer in the negative. Whether it be made up of a single syllable or of many syllables that combine all the letters of the alphabet, your name is yours to hold high and protect against defamation.

Considering "name" in the sense of "reputation" or "character," you are indeed quick to defend it against "slander". Considering its denotation, "appellation" or "title", you are at times willing to let your name be booted about like a football. Incorrect pronunciation or misspelling is allowed. As long as the first letter is sounded correctly, the rest may roll off in any manner. Your teachers may call you anything that halfway resembles your name, but do you object? Never. When you should rise and correct the error, you merely sit back and wait for the next mispronunciation. There is a right way and a wrong way to pronounce and to spell every name. Stand up for your rights. Demand proper spelling and pronunciation.

No name is too common or too odd to demand proper respect and attention. If it is Smith or Jones, it is popular because it is a good name. If it is a queer combination of letters its owner can say, "Mine is a distinguished and exclusive name. I am the only person around who bears this title."

How can a person expect to become well-known if he answers to several combinations of sounds that are all supposed to be a single name, yet bear only slight resemblance to one another. Who will remember a person whose name is spelled one way in school, but a different way outside. The answer is no one. If you are making a bid for fame, decide on one pronunciation and one spelling, and demand that they be followed.

It is strange the way such an important matter is let go without attention. Many people for obvious reasons adopt aliases. Every young woman hopes that one day her name will be changed. Many of us, however, bear the same appellation from the birth to the death certificate. Since all our life is one certificate after another, and each one should bear the same name, take care that the name designates a particular person.

Sometime for an experiment listen to the number of ways a single name is pronounced or mispronounced. If the name is yours, throw out your chest and demand reparation. If the name is that of a friend, wake him up to the fact that he will soon be the "forgotten man" if he does not correct the error.

ROMANY BLOOD

By Isabelle C. Sayles

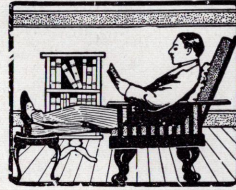
I cannot be a gypsy maid
And rove the live-long day,
And so I try to wrap my thoughts
In gypsy colors gay.

I'll never roam with caravans,
Or dream by smouldering fires;
I'll have to stay right here at home
To find my heart's desire.

I cannot be a gypsy maid
With naked, twinkling feet.
I cannot dance out in the rain;
It would not be discreet.

I cannot wed a gypsy lad
'Twould not be proper—quite,
But I can love the sun by day
And sing to stars at night.

Student Literature



DAFFODILS

By Avery Holmes

SPRING! At last! The soothing wind that fanned one's cheek, the warm sun, the green grass, and children roller skating, jumping rope or playing hopscotch, all diagnosed the symptoms,—a light head, a light heart, and a lighter pocketbook,—as spring.

Vendors, peddling fruits and vegetables, or peanuts and popcorn, cluttered the street corners, and held up traffic.

One huge stand contained nothing but flowers. Most of the flowers were hothouse plants, but even a casual observer could not help but note the abundance of purchasers.

A slight, awkward young man halted before the flower stand.

Bright yellow flowers confronted him, bobbing their yellow heads to greet him as a breeze blew gently over them. Although he was gazing intently at the flowery array, his thoughts were elsewhere. Alicia Thompson was as light and dainty as these daffodils. Her hair was yellow—no, not yellow,—it was too pretty to be just yellow. It was golden, shiny and soft. The young man heaved a heavy sigh. She was all the world to him, and she had deceived him.

He remembered how she had sat motionless, one foot dangling over the edge of a large chair. A slight frown had marked her piquant, little face. They had quarreled, she and Charlie, and it seemed to be for keeps. How stupid to quarrel over flowers! Flowers! What were they compared with their friendship? It had all started when a long, mysterious box, tied with a bright yellow ribbon, arrived.

The flowers, long-stemmed red roses, were, to Alicia, the most beautiful she had ever seen. How thoughtful of Charlie! Suddenly her glance noted a tiny card tied to the roses. "With best wishes from Mr. James Carey."

"Does he send them often?" Charlie had asked as he took his hat from a nearby table.

"But, Charlie, I don't know any Mr. Carey!"

He apparently had not believed her; but he bowed mockingly, put on his hat, gently shut the door, and barged down the hotel stairway almost bumping into a small bellboy.

If he had only waited, that bellboy would have explained everything. The flowers had been meant for a Miss Alice Thomas, and not for Miss Alicia Thompson.

Now Charlie loitered among the groups of people who were buying flowers. He saw that there were no long-stemmed roses in the display. Roses! He certainly wouldn't send roses to his girl. Orchids, purple orchids. Nothing but the best.

"Buy some flowers, mister?" questioned a thin, untidy boy.

"Not today, some other time, maybe," murmured Charlie.

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"Oh, please, you like flowers, please buy. My mother, she very sick. I get money. I get medicine, she get better," cried the bedraggled urchin, pulling at Charlie's coat sleeve.

"Is your mother ill? I'm sorry. Keep the money. I don't want any flowers."

He gave the boy a coin, and patted him sympathetically on the shoulder.

Then a thought came to him. Suppose Alicia were ill, needed medicine, and did not have anyone to take care of her? She had no relatives or friends, only himself. He smothered a very improper exclamation as he remembered she had Mr. James Carey. What if she did get sick? He wouldn't care. Let the other fellow worry. No, by George! Let the other fellow—

"Boy, boy, how many daffodils have you? Yes, yes, plants, cut flowers, all of them? I'll buy them all. Can you take them over to the Clintock Hotel? No, not all at once. Take two plants every half hour until they are all disposed of. Here's the name. I've written it down. Can you remember?"

That afternoon Alicia heard a soft knock on her door. A dirty little urchin stood before her, holding two daffodil plants.

"Are you sure those are for me?"

"Yes, Miss, I've got your name here on this piece of paper."

"Let me see it."

It was true; this time the flowers were for her.

A half an hour later another knock was heard on the door, and the same boy appeared with two more plants. He continued to come throughout the day!

Alicia was thoroughly bewildered. Who was sending these flowers? Charlie? But wasn't he angry with her? She could not stand this parade of blossoms another minute.

She stepped out of the hotel doorway, and started to walk along the street.

"Hello, how do you like daffodils?" a laughing voice asked her.

"Charlie, oh, I'm so glad to see you! It was you who sent those flowers! And you're not angry?"

"Angry? About what?"

Alicia shrugged her shoulders, glanced laughingly up into his face, and was content. Spring had come!

Mr. Maloney is playing bank president. He's willing to lend you money written on the blackboard, but no cold cash.

bbbbbb

Miss Hodges: "Drama is when the hero throws over the girl. Melodrama is when the hero throws the girl over the cliff."

bbbbbb

Miss Musgrove was so eager to sell the students tickets to "The Bat" that she even gave imitations to the P. G.'s in the Library.

bbbbbb

Mr. Meehan: "What are the inhabitants of Sardinia called?"

Would-be brilliant student: "Sardines!"

HUNTING BACTERIA

By Betty Mitchell

"MISS FRASER?" I asked as I stood outside a laboratory that seemed as mysterious to me as the forbidden room in Bluebeard's castle. In the few seconds which elapsed before the one addressed (who stood with her back toward me) turned—I wondered whether she would be as frightening, in business-like gruffness, as the monster himself. Would she be so busy that I wouldn't be able to get a word in edgewise or would she talk in such deep scientific terms that I couldn't understand her anyway?

Miss Fraser turned around and said "Hello".

"I'm B-Betty M-Mitchell," I explained, "We-We have to write a paper—I mean an essay—on bacteria, that is, I took bacteria for my subject and—"

"Oh, so you're the neighbor whom Mr. X was telling about. You'd like to see what we do down here, is that it?" Miss Fraser inquired in anything but a strict, business-like voice. In fact, her pleasant manner led me to realize that all my doubts and fears were just products of my imagination and that the true person was friendly and very willing to help me. When she started explaining her work to me I lost the little shyness that was left and was soon asking questions and talking at the usual rate. (For details as to the speed and volume—consult a certain chemistry teacher who seems always to hear my voice when we're supposed to be studying, no matter how many others are talking at the same time.)

"I imagine the first thing you'd like to know about is our equipment," the bacteriologist said. "This is where we grow bacteria," (indicating a box-like structure) "It is kept at body temperature (98.6F) by an automatic regulator."

"And here is an ice box containing toxins, antitoxins, and vaccines for the use of the doctors of this city. Next are a couple of sterilizers, one for utensils and the other for liquids. They operate at a very high temperature and perform the important task of insuring freedom from any living organisms on utensils and in the media."

Of course I questioned as to what the "media" was.

"I'll show you." Miss Fraser obligingly assured me that she would be killing two birds with one stone and doing some of her own work at the same time.

"I'm going to take the bacteria count of this milk. In order to do this I must make a media which consists first of agar-agar (a seaweed that has the ability to form a clear, gelatinous solid) dissolved in a little distilled water; second—of pepton, which is partly digested protein; and third—of beef broth that is used as food by the organisms in the media. I'll add a small amount of the milk, diluted a thousand times with distilled water, then pour the mixture into a petri dish."

The petri dish is a small, circular, flat dish made of glass and having a cover. The mixture hardened within a few minutes and was placed in the incubator where the bacteria that were present multiplied quite rapidly (usually each bacterium divides every half hour) so that at the end of two days they would increase enough to be seen through the clear agar-agar. Where the one bacterium had been, there would be a whole colony of the same type.

The bacteriologist showed me a petri dish filled with the media she had made two days before. It looked as though it had the measles though each supposed "measle" was really a large number of bacteria. The various types could be recognized by their groupings, the way they were affected by the media, and the size of their colonies.

I asked Miss Fraser what other things she did in her daily work. She answered, "Oh, I test milk for butter fat and dirt; I take the bacteria count in water; and doctors send me "smears" from patients' throats to be studied in order that they may determine whether or not there is a case of some throat disease."

On the way home I thought of the wonderful work science is doing for us that the average person knows nothing about. This was just another example.

STAR LIGHT

By Dorothy Klein

"Star light, star bright
First star I see tonight."

FIRST of all I'm going to make a correction, that is, "First star I see this afternoon," for as it stands this verse would not coincide accurately with the time of one nearly tragic experience of mine. I always thought that seeing a star involved nothing tragic, but in time I learned that it could entail a most embarrassing and painful adventure. In fact such a deep imprint did this experience leave on my mind that to this day (it happened in the dim past of eight or nine years ago) it has decidedly earned the number one place in my list of personal memorable occasions.

There are two ways, which I am acquainted with, of encountering stars. The first is undoubtedly the more common one. The tiny thrill that comes from casually glancing into a sky thickly sprinkled with twinkling flashes of fire is by far the more appealing, yet decidedly the more ordinary way of seeing them. Whenever I've chanced to look upon these heavenly ornaments, I've always unconsciously nourished an unwonted and uncontrollable fear—fear, I know, that is mainly induced by the mystifying and terrifying blackness of the heavenly background.

But the other way of seeing stars, in a striking contrast, holds no immediate likable attractiveness. In fact, one chance acquaintance with it is quite sufficient. I refer to being struck in the eye. Not always do stars rapidly ensue, but in my case one lone, big white one appeared and stood majestically before me for a full moment at least.

The details of this memorable occasion are a little hazy now, but as I recall them I was being chased by my sister. This escapade was taking place in the parlor, for we were at that reckless age when one has no regard for the preservation of furniture. In the end I was the victim. I had just madly rounded a corner, where in my haste, I failed to notice a projecting door. The result was—a clash—a star—and then, sweet and peaceful oblivion. Luckily, I had no dangerous after-effects other than a headache. How my eye and the door became contiguous was a mystery to me, but I did know the reason for the annoying rainbow decoration beneath my right eye, which was the object of much criticism and attention.

I can't say now whether subsequently I refrained from playing this particular type of game, but I can say, without hesitation, that from then on my methods of playing any kind of games were decidedly calmer and slower.

LUCKY MISTAKE

By Roberta K. Paul

JOAN shrugged hopelessly as she completed a hasty inspection of her wardrobe. She hadn't quite realized how shabby her clothes really were.

"I simply can't go to the dance unless I have a new evening gown," she sighed, "and that's just about as impossible as a trip to Europe. I wonder if—no, I won't ask Dad for more money. I'm sure he can't afford it, and he feels so badly when he has to refuse. Well, I guess it won't hurt me to stay home for once," and closing the door with a determined bang, Joan hurried downstairs to help her mother. But in spite of herself the tears would come whenever she remembered the dance. After all, poverty is hard to bear at any time, and when one is young, one hates to miss the most important event of the season.

In a distant city Mrs. Webster impatiently rejected one after another of the pretty dresses the clerk produced for her approval. She was not usually such an exacting customer, but today she was trying to select a gift for her wealthy niece. And Dorothy had so much and was so hard to please. Still, even she ought to love that darling blue frock with the puffed sleeves and the lovely sash. Of course, it was dreadfully expensive, but then Dorothy was accustomed to the best. At last with a sigh of relief Mrs. Webster informed the tired salesgirl that she would take it.

And now she had finished almost all of her shopping. True she still had to buy a birthday gift for her husband's niece, but anything would do for her. Joan was so poor, and after all "beggars can't be choosers." Undoubtedly she would be delighted with one of those little sport dresses—and they cost so little, too.

Hurriedly making this final purchase Mrs. Webster hastened home. She wrapped the packages and dispatched her small son to mail them.

* * * *

The front doorbell of the Allans' home rang insistently. Joan ran to answer it.

"Package for Miss Allan."

"Oh, thank you. I wonder what it can be," she mused as she closed the door.

Her fingers trembled with eagerness as she tugged at the obstinate string. Would she never succeed in undoing it. But at last the paper was off, and she removed the cover. Slowly she lifted out—the coveted evening gown.

"Oh, Mother," she cried "isn't it adorable! And it's for me—from Aunt Marie," she added glancing at the card. "Why I never dreamed she would send anything like this. Her gifts are always so practical. She must have known how I wanted to go to the dance."

At the same time another girl many miles away frowned impatiently as she examined a sports dress which had just arrived.

"What on earth is the matter with Aunt Marie," she exclaimed disgustedly. "Just imagine sending me a thing like that. I hope she didn't think for a minute I'd wear it."

Several days later a certain lady glanced up from a letter she had just received from Joan thanking her for her lovely present.

"It's all my fault," she scolded. "Why didn't I address the packages more carefully. Oh, what an awful mistake."

Ah, Aunt Marie for once you are wrong, for we know that if you could have seen Joan at the dance, radiant in her new dress, you would say with us "It was a lucky mistake indeed!"

MY LOVES

By Dorothy Stead '36

I wonder often, shall I soon forget
The lovely things that fill my hours with content,
The things—not things, but cherished friends—
That make me satisfied with my small share
Of earthly comforts, joy, and pain?
And so, that they may not into oblivion sink
As many do when youth the staidness of old age attains,
I write those names in letters bold and clear,
Lest time or mortal's haste their memory dim.

These are my loves:

Blue, blue skies without a white cloud marred;
The friendly radiance of laughing eyes;
The foghorn's lonely moan; and then,
The fog itself with damp hands clutching;
Wild March's cutting wind; and early morning
On a gloomy day; clear amber;
Clothes, tobacco-tainted; a cat's lithe movements;
—These and more;
A solitary hour with a well loved book;
The moon, low-hung, betokening the harvest's joys;
The fragrance of the pine; spontaneous laughter, joyous, unrestrained;
And flames, all leaping high and filled
With pictures for imagination's quest;
And foods with tartness running through;
Towering peaks and lofty trees; then,
The haunting sweetness of the high-pitched flute;—
These do I love and loathe to leave,
Yet must. But kindred spirits some far day
Will find and likewise say,
"These are my loves."

IN MEMORY OF THE FUTURE

By S. Scott '36

Though I am young, I well know love,
 And yet my symbol's not the dove;
 Nor have my loves e'er fickle been,
 For fickleness is female sin,
 And all my loves wear male attire
 And are not wooed with lute and lyre,
 But rather with a keen-edged knife
 To cut a manly path through life.

I love the sea's defiant roar,
 The swiftly swooping eagle;
 I love the river's headlong rush;
 The rabbit-chasing beagle.

I'll have no peaceful little pool
 Nor humming-bird in flight;
 I'll have no trickling, dancing stream
 Nor slinking cat at night.

I woo the soothing smell of pines,
 The ring of biting ax.
 Give me a pal and a friendly trail;
 Our homes ride on our backs.

"MY CATALOGUE OF LOVELY THINGS"

By Jeanne Phillips

These things are lovely—
 Burning sun upon the shore
 Warm, washed sands the waves adore;
 Flagged paths and cool green lawns,
 Regal lilies, rosy dawns;
 Firelight leaping on the hearth,
 Joyous ring of unbridled mirth;
 Babbling brooks and hidden flowers,
 Lofty elms like ancient towers;
 Graceful sweep of river's bend,
 Graceful touch that willows lend.

These too, are lovely—
 Candlelight on friendly faces,
 Silver's sheen at all their places;
 Children's chatter as they play,
 The little things they do and say;
 Curfew's bell at eventide,
 Ringing sweet from far and wide;
 Old stone wall so ivy clung,
 Bent apple tree with blossoms hung;
 Scudding clouds of downy white
 Towering clouds, a threatening sight.

Dear God, through all this earthly life
 Fevered with unholy strife
 May I recall each cherished pleasure
 And drink from each its fullest measure.

AT CRACK O' DAWN

By Dorothy Shelton

The time o'day that I like best
 Is just at crack o'dawn;
 The moon's just sinking in the West,
 The dew's still on the lawn.

The drop o'blood upon the hill
 Is the sun just getting up,
 We stand in the fields and drink our fill
 From Nature's brimming cup.

Each flower opens its petals bright,
 And smiles at the trees overhead
 The Earth has forgotten the darkness o'Night
 And Day has been roused from bed.

Have you ever arisen at crack o'dawn,
 And running away to the fields,
 Met Nature with a smile and song
 And thrilled to the goodness she yields?

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE

By Betty Mitchell

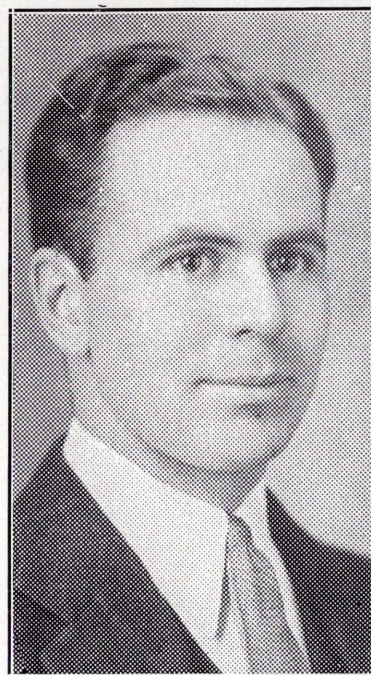
There is a bridge, a rainbow bridge,
 That calls us now and then
 From the commonplace of life
 We share with other men.

It beckons us into a land
 That is our very own
 And we go over in our minds
 That we may be alone.

When one has crossed this fancied bridge
 He finds his heart is light,
 Unburdened with material cares
 Of flesh, and wealth, and might.

And all that's left is just a glimpse
 Of what is called "ideal"—
 A goal, a dream we share with few
 Which never seems quite real.

Yet if we keep this vision pure
 As we recross the span
 We'll be the better folk ourselves—
 A greater aid to man.



MR. THOMAS JOYCE



MISS HELENE MILLET

CAST

Lizzie	Miss McLaughlin
Miss Cornelia Van Gorder	Helene Millet
Billy	James Conroy
Brook	Joseph McMahon
Dale Ogden	Elizabeth Enright
Dr. Wells	Arthur Goodwin
Anderson	John Joyce
Richard Fleming	Harold Hennessey
Reginald Beresford	Edward McKenna
An Unknown Man	James Davison

"THE BAT"

By Dorothy Stead and Elizabeth Purdy

MYSTERIOUS symbols pinned on blackboards! Teachers with secretive glances and close-pressed lips! But the night of April 21st brings an explanation and relieves the suspense that has been lurking in every corner of P. H. S.

With a blinding flash of lightning and a clap of thunder, the curtain rises on a setting that at once evokes an eerie feeling which pervades the entire drama. Miss Cornelia Van Gorder, an astute spinster, has leased a house on Long Island with the intention of taking a rest. Although someone is evidently trying to frighten her away, and the papers are filled with the doings of a clever criminal whose calling card is a bat, she steadfastly clings to her purpose.

A pseudo gardener, Brooks, whose pretense is soon discovered by Miss Van Gorder, comes to the house in an attempt to clear himself of a charge of stealing money, which he is certain the deceased owner of the house embezzled from their bank and secreted in some room. Miss Van Gorder's niece, Dale, is secretly engaged to Brooks; therefore, seeking to help him, she calls in Richard Fleming, the nephew of the owner. During a struggle over the blue-prints of the house, Richard is shot from the stairs. Detective Anderson, who has been working on the case with little success, immediately accuses Dale. Dr. Wells, a friend of Dale, however, makes many suspicious moves, especially when he attempts to get rid of the detective.

In the final scene, the secret chamber is discovered to be in the attic. Dale finds the room, but not the money. Someone has beaten her to it! Many prowlers enter and leave the dark attic obscurely. In the showdown, the real detective arrests "Detective Anderson" as the Bat who had found the money. Dale and Brooks are joyfully united, while Miss Van Gorder prays for a rest.

A burst of applause expresses the appreciation of the audience, and the students swarm into the aisles animatedly discussing the merits of their various teachers. Miss Helene Millet portraying the intelligent and stately Miss Van Gorder gave an impressive performance throughout. Mr. J. E. Joyce effectively hood-winked everyone as the smooth criminal. As competent comedy relief, Miss E. M. McLaughlin made Lizzie a character never to be thought of without having a severe case of giggles, while her fellow-servant, the impassive Japanese Billy—Mr. Conroy, no less—supplied much in the way of amusement. Then Mr. McMahon as the unjustly accused cashier, and his fiancée, Miss Elizabeth Enright, as Dale Ogden, show very realistically to what extent the bonds of love will lead one. Dr. Wells, by Mr. A. P. Goodwin, symbolized perfectly the country doctor, while Mr. Edward McKenna easily took the part of Reginald Beresford, a lawyer friend of Richard Fleming. Mr. Hennessey enacted the part of Richard Fleming in an extremely tense dramatic scene. Mr. Davison, as the unknown man, made known his identity in a sensational manner.

The shivery atmosphere that an electrical storm unfailingly produces clung to the entire play. The blinking lights, the stealthy movements of the doctor and the detective, then the flickering candles and the red glow of the fireplace, or perhaps the glare coming from the burning barn, enveloped the setting in mystery. The booming of thunder, the unexplainable tinkle of the house phone, the tense voices of the cast kept the audience on edge, except when the ludicrous fright of Lizzie intermittently relieved the suspense. The play fulfilled all the expectations which naturally followed the announcement of the title.

And so, teachers, we salute you for another worthwhile, entertaining presentation. Three cheers for our versatile teacher, Miss Margaret Ward, to whom an immense proportion of credit should go as the director of the hit show, "The Bat"!

"OLYMPIA THROUGH THE AGES"

Mary McMahon and Mary Atkinson

"OLYMPIA through the Ages," depicting the dances and physical exercises from the Grecian Era to modern times, was presented April 24 by the girls of the P. H. S. physical education department to a capacity audience.

The program opened with a procession of Venus and her attendants, eleven girls dressed in white and silver Grecian gowns with matching headbands.

The pageant was divided into four periods, the Grecian Era, the European Era, the gay nineties period, and the modern period of physical education.

A pantomime, showing the variety of Greek sports, and a Grecian dance done in costumes of many colors, given by the Junior A class typified the athletics of the Grecian Era.

In the European episode the Ukrainian dance and the wand drill, which displayed perfect uniformity of movement, together with an aesthetic dance, a free hand drill, an Indian club drill, and a Spanish dance constituted the representations of that particular period.

The present generation has heard so much about the gay nineties that this episode was received with special applause. Particular notice was taken of the old-fashioned bathing costumes, the croquet game, hoop-rolling and the typical gymnasium costume. As many of the evening gowns worn in the Schottische and waltz were of the mode popular half a century ago, many a girl tried to vision her grandmother in such a gown.

In the modern period of physical education the military tap, pyramid building and track, a country dance and a present day sports pantomime were all demonstrated by various members of all classes.

Congratulations must be given to about one hundred girls of P. H. S. for their participation in the various sports in the girls' physical education department. Seven girls were fortunate enough to be awarded the much sought after monograms. The lucky ones are Theresa Ranti, Marie Nucifero, Lorraine Millet, Loydann Perry, Theresa Testa, Muriel Ruesch and Eleanor Moynihan.

For playing in a major sport, twenty received letters, thirty-three received numerals for amassing one hundred and fifty points in afternoon activities and thirty-five were awarded squad leaders emblems.

Felicitations must also be extended to Miss Ward, who coached the drills, to Miss McLaughlin, who directed the dancing, and to Miss Nicholson, who aided in planning the affair.

The complete program was as follows:—

Procession—Venus and Attendants All classes

EPISODE I—GRECIAN ERA

Olympics	Junior A Class
Greek Dance	Junior A Class

EPISODE II—LATE EUROPEAN INFLUENCE

Freehand Drill	Sophomore A Class
Aesthetic Dance	Junior B Class
Wand Drill	Sophomore A and Junior B Classes
Indian Clubs	Junior A Class
Ukrainian Dance	Junior A Class
Spanish Dance	Senior B Class



OLYMPIA THRU THE AGES

EPISODE III—GAY NINETIES

Pantomime	Junior B Class
Waltz and Schottische	Junior A Girls and Boys

EPISODE IV—MODERN PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Military Tap	Sophomore B Class
Track and Pyramids	Sophomore B Class
County Dance	Sophomore A and Junior B Classes
Waltz Clog	Sophomore B. Class
Modern Dance	All Classes
Modern Sports Pantomime	Senior B Class

Basketball—Golf

Tennis—Baseball

Finale—Distribution of Awards to all Classes

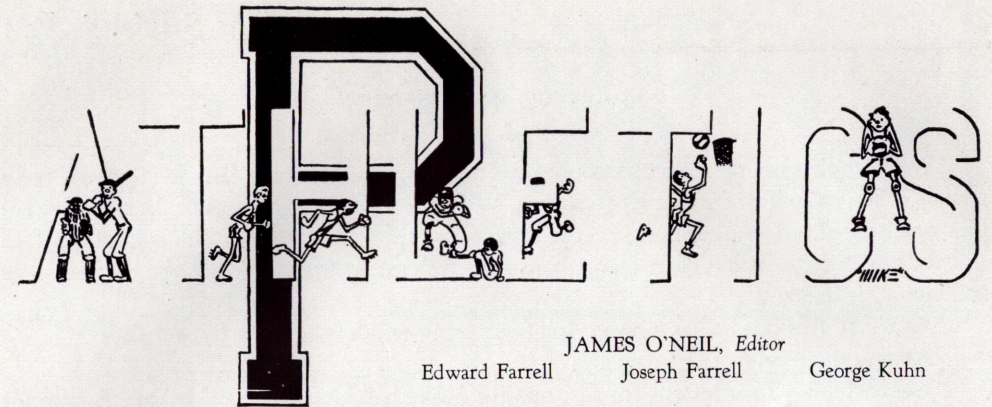
MY TREASURE CHEST

By Dorothy P. Griffing

Things I keep in my treasure store:
 Blue waves curling up the shore,
 Children playing on the sand,
 Sunbeams dancing o'er the land.

The song of the wind through the tops of trees,
 The drowsy hum of the bumble-bees,
 A golden carpet of daffodils,
 The taste of strawberries from the hill.

The drum of raindrops on canvas tents,
 Red roses climbing a white fence,
 Tiny birds asleep in their nest,
 These I keep in my treasure chest.



BASEBALL

Although they have not had much practise up-to-date, the baseball squad looks to be in very fine shape. They are pointing towards the championship and another season without a defeat. There will be but three new faces in the lineup and these men seem dependable enough.

Our battery is probably the best in the county, with Ken Reed or Will Johnson hurling, and Dan Carey catching.

There is no question about the infield being tops, with Captain Gilligan on first, Gunnar Hagstrom on second, Bill Evans on third, and Jake Barnini at short stop. This is the infield carried throughout last season and should repeat successfully.

The three new men will probably be MacHaffie, "Bud" Evans, who is already a three letter man, and Nick Daligin.

These are the defending champs and they are pointing to that goal again, so let's support them royally this year. Come on! Let's Go!

The schedule for the P. H. S. baseball team is as follows:

Home Games		
Saturday	May 9	Dalton
Saturday	May 23	St. Joe (Pittsfield)
Friday	May 21	Bennington
Monday	June 1	Drury
Friday	June 5	Williamstown
Monday	June 8	St. Joe (Pittsfield)
Wednesday	June 10	Adams

Out-Of-Town		
Wednesday	May 13	at Williamstown
Saturday	May 16	at Adams
Wednesday	May 20	at Drury
Wednesday	June 3	at Dalton
Saturday	June 13	at Bennington

PASSING IN REVIEW

Edward J. Farrell, Jr.

With admiration, we gaze upon our proud and haughty seniors as they file through these portals of learning. They go, never to return. With them go the memories of desperate struggles on the gridiron, endless fights on the diamond, continuous efforts on the polished surface and the cinder path. It has been a long, hard fight for that coveted "P", but the battle is over and victory is theirs.

As usual, this class takes a heavy toll from teams and leaves many vacant places.

Among those who are leaving are:

Joseph Gull—Two letters are his: one for basketball, and one for football. A difficult man to replace.

Alfred Polidora—Another man wearing two letters, basketball and track. His keen eye helped Pittsfield on to Burlington.

John Arigoni—John, was a big factor in Pittsfield's success on the gridiron. He also has unlimited ability in the weight throwing class on the track team.

Nils Hagstrom—Nils earned his two letters by dashing down the cinder path and dashing around opponent's left end. He also played a little basketball, but did not receive a letter.

Pete Kellar—One of the two captains that led the high school eleven to the County Championship.

Stanley Scott—Stan leaves a great gap in the football line that will be hard to fill.

Caesar Coradeschi—Here is a man about as capable on the gridiron, as he is on the track. This season he is leading the track team.

Cornelius Boothman—Another hard earned purple "P". Another hole to be filled next year.

William Evans—Although he played only one sport, baseball, he must be considered among the best. His fielding ability was exceptional.

George Dominick—Another important factor in Pittsfield's winning track combine.

William Johnson—Bill won his letter by delivering curves to opposing batsmen.

This completes the list which will leave this high school and march down larger fields, conquer larger teams and bump against larger obstacles, but their deeds will remain outstanding in the sports history of the school.

Most of these boys saw Pittsfield through four county championships in major sports. They helped keep P. H. S. unbeaten for one complete year, a record never before made.

In whatever fields they choose to enter, may they have continued success.

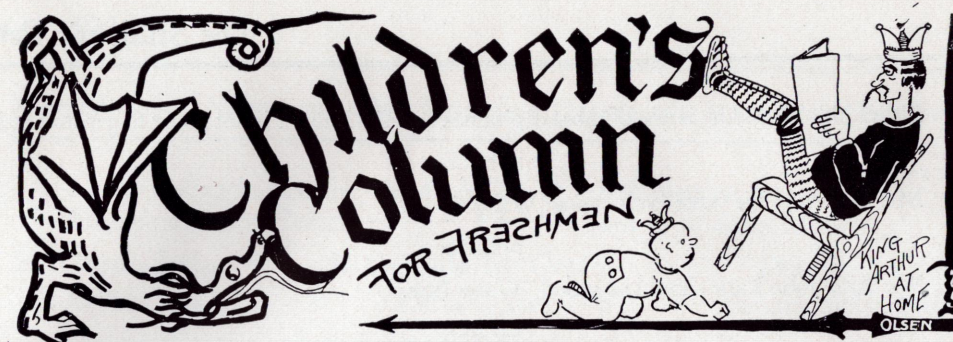
Mr. Goodwin's schedule must run somewhat as follows: Monday, Testday, etc.

bbbbbb

"Have you heard the latest song? Boy, is it slippery!"

"No, what is it?"

"When Banana Peels Are Falling, I'll Come Sliding Back to You."



Referring to Aeneas's long speech to Dido, (2 books) one of the senior girls was heard to remark: "If anybody talked that long to me, I'd hang up on him!"

bbbbbb

He was always a musical boy. Even at the age of three he was playing on the linoleum.

bbbbbb

Wouldn't it be funny if Ken's mother knew he took the car out Sundays?

bbbbbb

Mr. Murray: "Ask plenty of questions in class. I do."

bbbbbb

"What is nothing?"

"Nothing is a balloon without a skin."

bbbbbb

Did you know that Grace Morse and a promising young pianist friend of hers walk down the hall every day, discussing—is it Chopin?

bbbbbb

What did Virginia Ford say that February 2 stands for?

bbbbbb

Incidentally, the "c's" between the articles in last month's article meant "The Children's Column cheers cheeky, chiseling, chits."

bbbbbb

Robert Nelson is unsquelchable! He still approaches us and says "Here's something for your little *column*."

bbbbbb

"If a man dug a hole in the center of the earth, where would he come out?"

"Out of the hole!"

bbbbbb

What happened to Barbara Tufts' shoes on that hike?

She started out with tan shoes and returned with brown suede ones.

bbbbbb

Gentle hint: See the Contents page for a clue to "Uncle Len's" identity.

bbbbbb

In case the b's have aroused your interest, they mean, "Batty bits of bunk bewilder brainless babes."

Sinsilly yours,
ant kitty and Uncle Len.

Either Nils Hagstrom is one of those capitalists or Miss Kaliher is not going to get that \$60.

bbbbbb

Mr. Innis says his voice is changing. Wahoo!

bbbbbb

We think John Kane should be called "Water Boy."

bbbbbb

We wonder if that boy with the bright orange shirt and butch haircut is a rival of Stan Scott by any chance.

bbbbbb

Are your apple trees in bloom yet, Mr. Carey?

bbbbbb

The conceit of some people. John Neissel admits he's a good catch for any girl!!!!!!

bbbbbb

Mr. Conroy blushes easily. He said so himself.

bbbbbb

Eddie Shogry must be a jeep. He has a fourth dimension mind.

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ODDITIES OF PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

By Armand V. Feigenbaum

WHAT do you know about your school? Even though you're been in it, more or less, for one, two, or three years, as the case may be, we'll warrant that there are several out of the way spots, and many strange organizations in it, of which you have little or no knowledge.

For instance, how many of you know that we have a little room in our school, in which there is stored enough potential power to blow PHS and ten buildings like it, into small pieces? No nitroglycerine or dynamite is stored in that room, however, but materials with which to make them and numberless other compounds, explosive or otherwise. It is the storeroom which is used for all the dangerous chemicals employed at various times in experiments in the science classes.

You need have no fear, however, of waking up in class some day and finding yourself literally up in the air, surrounded by pieces of the high school, for the room is ingeniously constructed so as to be no danger, whatsoever, to the other parts of the high school. The piece of roofing above it is constructed of an easily broken, although lasting, compound, and the walls, of a very durable combination of brick and metal. If some explosion should occur, the roof would merely fly off, releasing the pressure. The walls will withstand pressure unless the explosion is extremely violent. With the pressure released, and with little danger from the walls, little but the room is damaged.

Then there is that little known organization which has but recently come together, namely the soap collectors. It is a group of ten to twelve boys, all interested, and deeply, in the gentle art of oleatroy (the recently coined term to give soap collectors distinction). These boys hold bi-weekly meetings and pool the resources of soap, begged, borrowed, or snatched during the two week period. All this goes into a sort of museum at the leader's home. The prize, so far, is a pair of cakes of Hotel Savoy Plaza specially manufactured soap, wrapped in orange cellophane, but the leader, a well known orchestra leader, namesake, promises bigger and soapier things.

How many know anything more about the boiler room than the fact that there is one? It is a comparatively large chamber, extending from approximately the middle of 103 to the corridor. One of the strange facts about it is that it is approximately one story lower than the cellar and is quite deep underground. In it are three large boilers and a special furnace for burning papers, in addition to many other interesting contraptions and gadgets. Another little known fact about it is that the coal bin is directly under the car parking space in the cement court back of the high school.

The freight elevator is another question mark to many. This is a genuine elevator which runs from the basement to the third floor. You have probably passed it many times without realizing that it is an elevator, as it is situated directly before the entrance to the cafeteria, on the left. It is used to transport freight and other miscellanies, and is powered as are other small elevators, by a small generator.

These are but a few instances of the out-of-the way spots of Pittsfield High. You don't know your school unless you have visited them, and many more. Give up a few afternoons to a thorough tour of the high school. You will undoubtedly find several places and learn several facts of which you had not the slightest knowledge. Try it some week. You will not only gain genuine pleasure, but also gain a profitable knowledge of your own school, which few students even though they might have spent three years in it, possess.

To the Students of the High School:

The Eagle welcomes letters on current themes. Its "People's Forum" has become one of its most popular features. It would be most happy to publish, through that medium, the trend of undergraduate thought about what is going on in the world which never presented so many or such varied problems as it presents today. Let students try their hands at this form of public expression. Theirs is sure to be a fresh vision and a new angle.

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Episode VII Household Arts

Gladys Derosia	Evelyn Kelly	Mary Hourihan
Cecelia Roberts	Lois Mears	Janet Parker
Blanche Bonzanini	Yvonne Laurin	Betty Young
Olga Ciccarolli	Mary Sefcyk	Helen Korobchuk
Dorothea Del	Gladys Lestage	Wanda Ferdyn
Roselyn Bromley	Grace Adriance	Mary Jakubiec
Ruth Marie Cullen	Cele Tristany	Eleanor Spaniol
Doris Orpin	Avery Holmes	Dorothy Jaspersen
Statia Jamula	Dorothy Fisher	Marjorie Mercure

Episode VIII Training for Business and Commerce (Directed by Miss Elizabeth Enright)

Gertrude Fish	Donald Williams	Picrrine Betti
Agnes Yerazunis	Elsie Shorkey	Lorraine Hughes
Gladys Schumacher	Mildred Tone	Elizabeth Ahlen
	Alverse Lear	

Pageant written by Miss Katherine McCormick assisted by
Isabelle Knollmeyer John Neissel
Dorothy Klein George Lennox

Stage Manager--Mr. John E. Joyce assisted by
Frank Hines Irving Goodman
Howard Forhaltz Ernest Renaud
Robert Field Ashton White
Earl Kanter Paul Pagery

CLASS DAY COMMITTEE

Class Adviser--Miss Margaret Kaliher
Student Chairman--John Arigoni

Dorothy Klein	George Dominick
Isabelle Knollmeyer	Irma Helmot
George Lennox	John Neissel
Elizabeth Ahlen	Paul Pagery
Helen Andrukiewicz	William Volin
Lillian Miller	

The committee wishes to thank all those who have in any way helped to make this pageant possible.

Program by Marie Nuciforo

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

of

The Class of June, 1936



Class March

PROGRAM

High School Orchestra

PAGEANT CAST

Epilogue and Prologue Directed by Miss Margaret Conlon

Stephen Abell	Elizabeth Weckman	Marguerite Sherry
Joseph Alvaro	Lillian Miller	Marion Dellear
John Ulma	Fred Brown	Rosemary Behan
Patriek Coppa	Harold Patterson	Marion Tierney
Fred Stebbins	Lillian Whitaker	Ruth Adams
Paul Mallaney	Richard Mezejewski	Archie McBernie
Angelo Sinico	Josephine Adornetto	Alton Foote
William Evans	Irma Ricalzone	Mary Bassett
Harry Sloper	Elsye Cohen	Helen O'Brien
Stanley Scott	Florence Decker	James Sweeney

Episode I Foreign Languages

(Directed by Miss Helene Millet)

Robert Hill	Edward Zink	Murtice Gray
Robert Burt	Alan Grieve	Betty Aslett
Robert Beals	Victoria La Barbera	George Dominick

Episode II Training for World Citizenship

(Directed by Mr. Edward McKenna)

Joseph Gull	Robert Cusson
William Evans	Jean Phillips
John Wright	Mildred Keogan
Daniel Secunda	Dick Moody
Martin Keegan	Lorraine Hughes
	Margaret Hennelly

Episode III Science

(Directed by Mr. Harold Hennessy and Mr. James Conroy)

John Neissel	John Valenti
Richard Scharmann	Robert Bastow
Apparatus made by R. Bastow and C. Gray	

Episode IV Pictorial and Rhythmic Arts

(Directed by Miss Elizabeth McLaughlin)

John Arigoni	Florence Powers
Loretta Johnson	Dorothy Stead
Cecelia Roberts	Polly Hopkins
	Sophie Uliasz

Episode V

(Directed by Miss Margaret Ward and Mr. John Carmody)

Francis Kellar	Marjorie Naughton	Joseph Alvaro
Theresa Ranti	Jeanne Phillips	John Arigoni
Esther Strout	Thelma Goodman	Paul Ferland
Eugenia Wilde	Helen Andrukewicz	Alton Foote
Pauline Wilde	Doris Bordeleau	Arthur Giftos
Marjorie Bates	Helen Chelstowski	Edwin Cooke
Marie Nuciforo	Edna Wells	Joseph LaCasse
Edith Shearer	Genevieve Gardner	Angelo Lombardi
Lillian Artz	Ethel Chapman	Thomas Sitzman
Azalia Beitzel	Agnes Kushi	Stanley Scott
Marguerite Fagley	Mary Tobin	Frank Volika
Helen Angelo		Edward Zink

Wand Drill by Members of Junior A Class

Episode VI Literature; Scene from Hamlet

(Directed by Miss Laura Hodges)

Sanford Head	Sophie Homich	Edward Shogry
Nils Hagstrom	Rosetta Tucker	Richard Moody
Gershon Udelewitz	Rita Raineri	Robert Nelson
William Volin	Azalia Beitzel	Edward Carmel
Lillian Miller	Victoria LaBarbera	Peter Kellar
Alton Foote	Virginia Ford	John McGowan
Robert Howard	Margaret Gleason	Adelbert Scutt
Norman Lusignan	Sara Samel	Morton Murphy
Alexander Lombardi	Rena Dondi	James Truden
Harold Morris	Arlene Bliss	Edward Fresia
Raymond Sears	Betty Aslett	William Warfield
Alexander Edwards	Henry Dondi	Edward Zink
	Stephen Surowiec	

Interlude

Pon and Sword Dance

(Directed by Miss Elizabeth McLaughlin)

Elinor Moynihan

Lorraine Millet

Episode VII

Household Arts

(Directed by Miss Florence Riley and Miss Marion Willis)

Marguerite Fagley	Mary Bassett	Muriel Bailey
Cecelia Jamula	Rosemary McNaughton	Frances Beitzel

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS

- *Travelers' Cheques*

Last year nearly one million people exercised the financial precaution of changing their travel funds into American Express Travelers' Cheques.

- *Savings Bank Life Insurance*

This is Life Insurance Week. A good time to inquire into this valuable and inexpensive method of saving with protection.

- *Vacation Club*

Our new vacation club begins June 15. Join and be ready financially for your 1937 vacation.

Tax Club

Christmas Club

\$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT

**Berkshire County
Savings Bank**

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

The Student's Pen

MAY, 1936

THOMAS CURTIN JR., SLIGHTLY IMPROVED

Thomas F. Curtin, Jr., captain of the Yale University baseball, who has been ill at St. Luke's Hospital for over six weeks, was given his 14th blood transfusion yesterday, his brother John, a student at Williams College, furnished the blood. Dr. Hugh J. Downey attending physician reported Tommy as slightly improved this morning although he lost some ground last week.

City Notes

—Councilman Denis T. Noonan, president of the Berkshire Woolen Company, and Mrs. Noonan are leaving tomorrow on a trip to Mexico City, Mexico.

—The condition of Thomas F. Curtin Jr., of 58 Commonwealth Avenue, who is ill with leucopnia at St. Luke's Hospital, continues to gain each day. Dr. Thomas F. Curtin has received letters from the staff of coaches and players at Harvard and Princeton wishing Tommy a speedy recovery.

YALE CAPTAIN IS SERIOUSLY ILL HERE

Condition of Thomas F. Curtin Jr., Improved After Blood Transfusion

Thomas F. Curtin Jr., son of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Curtin of 58 Commonwealth Avenue, captain-elect of the Yale University baseball team and for three years a member of the varsity football eleven, is seriously ill at St. Luke's Hospital where he was removed yesterday afternoon. Dr. Hugh J. Downey, the attending physician, reports the young man's condition as somewhat improved as the result of a blood transfusion performed late yesterday afternoon.

Early this week Thomas came come as he had been ill at the university for nearly two weeks with influenza and was not recovering as rapidly as desired. The blood transfusion was deemed necessary because of hemorrhages.

Curtin is a senior at Yale where he is on the deans' list and where he has received many honors because of high standing in scholarship, popularity among students and brilliancy in athletics. Because the basketball team was away to a poor start this season, Curtin was asked to join the court squad and he played a few games before being excused to report with the baseball candidates as he is captain-elect of the nine.

When it was learned that blood transfusion was considered necessary many persons volunteered. Henry Kudlate of the permanent Fire Department was accepted as a test showed his blood was best fitted for the purpose.